

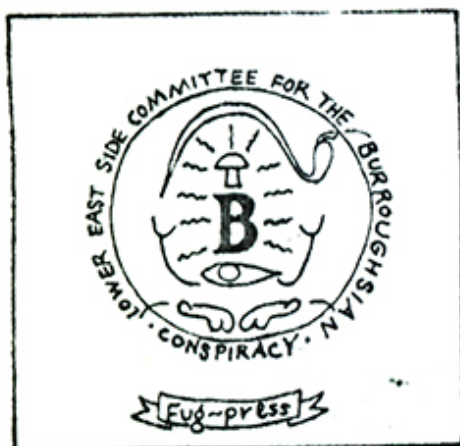
BURROUGHS MONOGRAPH 1

HEALTH BULLETIN:

APO-33

a metabolic regulator

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS!



*A Report on the
synthesis of the
APOMORPHINE FORMULA*

HEALTH BULLETIN: APO~33

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

CHLORHYDRATE
D'APOMORPHINE

FACTEUR DE RÉGULATION ÉMOTIONNELLE

INDICATIONS- ANGOISSE--
-- ANXIÉTÉ -- ÉMOTIVITÉ--
-- INSOMNIES-- FUCKED UP--
INTOXICATIONS-- TOXICOMANIES--

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HEALTH BULLETIN: APO-33

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LOCKED OUT OF TIME

'If you wish to hide something it is simply necessary to create disinterest in the area where it is hidden'....quote L. Ron Hubbard. L. Ron Hubbard, who enunciated scientology, perhaps knows more than any man living about the use of word combos to produce certain effects. To see the creation of disinterest in action, turn to an article that appeared Sunday, Feb. 2, 1963 in the Magazine Section of The London Times: The Burroughs Affair on the Ile de la Cite'...(I was living at 9 Rue Git Le Coeur which is separated from the Ile de la Cite by a river known as Missouri as the reporter well knew since he visited me in this room number 31 if my memory serves always tell my reporters 'get the name and address' so the displacement of my hotel is obviously intentional...) 'He lived nowhere in particular in and out of focus last October at the Edinburgh writer's conference'...(since when did the writer's conference take place in October? This is a rather simple and crude technique of locating the object in which disinterest is to be created in no time and no place. Now turn to the item which inspired my letter to the Times. '30 years ago Dr. Alfred Byrne writes'... The apo-morphine treatment is being locked out of time with the suggestion that it was tried thirty years ago and was after all the unimportant probably ineffective treatment used by an old fashioned doctor of 'modest qualifications' a long time ago a quaint old remedy of no possible interest at this time.

ARTICLE Sunday Times LONDON 15/11/64

SUNDAY TIMES 15-11-64

Author on how he beat drug addiction

By a Sunday Times Reporter

ONE OF the world's most celebrated ex-drug addicts, the author William Burroughs, claims that addiction can be completely cured by a treatment discovered by an English doctor.

The claim is made in the preface to his notorious book about drug addiction and homosexuality, "The Naked Lunch," to be published by John Calder in a limited edition on Thursday. The treatment is the use of apomorphine, a compound of morphine and hydrochloric acid, which Burroughs describes as a vaccine with no narcotic or pain-killing properties.

The discoverer of the treatment, identified only as "an English doctor" by Burroughs, was Dr J. Yerbury Dent, who died in 1962.

Burroughs, who now claims to be entirely cured after 15 years of morphine addiction, gives unequivocal praise to the British approach to the addiction problem, under which registered addicts may collect a daily dose.

When this "quarantining" is universally applied, he says, "the junk pyramids of the world (i.e. the drug supply networks) will collapse."

The apomorphine cure is qualitatively different from all other methods of cure, Burroughs says. "I have tried them all," he adds. He claims that no research has been done on it by any of the large pharmaceutical companies.

Item that appeared in the Sunday Times
November 15, 1964 under the title
Author on How He Beat Drug Addiction

30 years ago
Dr. Alfred Byrne writes. Apomorphine
hydrochloride was introduced as a
treatment for chronic alcoholism
30 years ago by Dr. Dent, a London
doctor of modest qualifications
who was interested in the problems
of addiction. It was originally
given by injection to induce aversion
and later by mouth without the
subsequent administration of alcohol.
Dr. Dent maintained that it was not
an aversion drug but worked by
allaying anxiety and craving. He
claimed 75 per cent cures among
alcoholics.
Latterly, Dr. Dent, who became something
of an amateur psychiatrist, extended
the apo-morphine treatment to
narcotic addiction. He even claimed
it was effective in some cases of
"addiction" to smoking eating and
neurotic habits as indeed it might
by suggestion.

Health Bulletin: APO ~ 33
MAY 18, 1954 - JANUARY, 1957-51

Feeling that the articles I had written on the apo-morphine treatment (British Journal of Addiction January, 1957 vol. 53 No. 2 page 119, Evergreen review 1959 reprinted in the American edition of Naked Lunch) were not

thirty years with excellent results but could never interest the American Narcotics Department or U.S. Public Health in the apo-morphine treatment. Sister Gibson is dead now the nurse who treated the young man at whose suggestion I

wrote the article. There were three copies. One was lost by a literary agent in New York after being rejected by The Literary Digest 'we do not see this as an original at this time' (I should mention in this connection that some years ago being short of the ready in London) I received commission from a true detective magazine in the States to write a short article on 'The Corner Junky.' Mr. Mollville Hardiment of 6 Cambridge Square, London wrote the article and I added a page on the apo-morphine treatment. The detectives wrote back that they were taking the article but preferred to omit any reference to the apo-morphine treatment since it was a better story to leave the junkie without hope where they belong. I wrote back that their attitude was so inexplicable as to merit the epithets 'unpatriotic' 'disloyal' disloyal that is to any American or Americans I can consider worthy of loyalty. That a possible cure for 50,000 miserable addicts was in itself quite a story. I never received an answer. They paid us \$200. I never saw the article. Perhaps they did print the apo-morphine section but I am more than inclined to doubt it. The third was lost in some remote file but a copy appeared as the preface or appendix to an Italian translation of Junky through the kind offices of Doctor Eivano Cantza of Milano. This is the only printing of the article available. At the time I wrote the article I geared it to



The Apo-morphine Formulae

adequate and encouraged by a young man of wealth and influence who felt that he could perhaps do something towards obtaining for the apo-morphine treatment official attention in the United States where the problem of addiction and the number of addicts would form an ideal testing ground for the apo-morphine treatment. In Jan., 1951, Cambridge, England, St. Mary's Chamber over Martin's Bank I wrote a more comprehensive article. The young man is dead now. From an overdose of 'narcotics.' Doctor Dent is dead now the doctor who started using the apo-morphine treatment who used the treatment for

wrote the article. There were three copies. One was lost by a literary agent in New York after being rejected by The Literary Digest 'we do not see this as an original at this time' (I should mention in this connection that some years ago being short of the ready in London) I received commission from a true detective magazine in the States to write a short article on 'The Corner Junky.' Mr. Mollville Hardiment of 6 Cambridge Square, London wrote the article and I added a page on the apo-morphine treatment. The detectives wrote

popular appeal being younger you understand I overestimated by 'popularity potential' in certain quarters. I did not criticize the American Narcotics Department officials nor the Public Health center at Lexington. I simply suggested that as loyal Americans they should burn their expensive facilities paid from the taxpayers money to the great task of dis-intoxicating 50,000 miserable addicts by the only treatment that does the job and if there is one fucking thing in this world America is supposed to stand for it is doing the job. My youthful attempt to attribute good will where it patently did not exist was as it turned out ~~disastrous~~. Doctor Dent, Sister Gibson and the young man who suggested the article are dead now. I would not be alive to write this except for the morphine treatment. I see no reason at this going to pull punches in the expectation of 'popularity.' The American Narcotics Department and the so called Public Health Service have more or less deliberately you never know with such a stupid organism created a plague then quite deliberately they have withheld the remedy. This is difficult to

excuse. Introducing Inspector J. Lee of the Nova Police: 'In all my experience as a police officer I have never seen such total fear and degradation on any planet. It is understandable that under the circumstances 2/4/46 the tide is coming in at Hiroshima you dumb earth hicks suave gentlemen! Your worth controllers of planet earth speaking. Yes understandable that any individual or un-cogulate of such should seek escape by any means. What I find it difficult to understand or overlook is that they have persistently and deliberately blocked from the rest of you dumb earth hicks your one hope of safety: apomorphine. I am reminded in this connection of J. Conrad. He is speaking of his faith in 'quinine' to control

a plague on his ship. ~~Non-burning~~. I believed in it. I pinned my faith to it. It ~~was~~ saved the men the ship against the evil power of calms and pestilence. You have guessed the truth already. There was the wrapper the bottle and the white powder inside some sort of powder. But it wasn't 'quinine.' Seems the late skipper had sold the lot in Haiphong for 15 quid. Where did the board sell your 'quinine?' I will get you the photostats, Captain Clark's screeching tape recordings and the charred remnants of a 35 M gun. Your lines were determined as follows from the C.V. corner of Section 35 ran bearing and distance North but found no sign of Post 10 within the corrected line. Piece of a toy revolt there in needles of the over the last sky screechers a silent kid I am speaking from shifting layers of smoke (Dim jerky far away stars splash his cheekbone with silver ash). Only one caller this week plain Mr. Jones or Mr. J. if you prefer my cold distasteful umbrella to the harbor office young face there on an old blue calendar ports of the world in his eyes Island Lines 300614 impersonal accounts

does not exist proved all - external.

police travel date
 10/4/54 quiet faces
 emptying away. Where
 did he die? On my breath
 in this saloon (Mons
 Calpe out of Tangier
 for Gibraltar) right
 where you are sitting
 now. Cold coffee right
 where you are sitting
 now. My names frost
 said there was a cold
 mist on the water fog
 born blowing. The grays
 came in on a London par-
 ticular considering the
 advisability or even
 feasibility of order-
 ing another cheese sand-
 wich he wasn't sure he
 wanted your middle aged
 reporter Mr. Cost please
 remember personally I
 have no hope no hope at
 all. You will find
 every do or guarded.
 I must in such pain close
 the sad role I've played
 gasping bent over gun
 empty gave me his broken
 star. Well remember a
 young cop whistling
 'Annie Laurie' twirling
 his club down cobble
 stone streets its was
 a long time ago but not
 too far to walk. Mrs.
 Murphy's rooming house
 remember? She opens
 the door a crack. 'You
 smell of liquor. What
 do you want?' 'You don't
 remember me Mrs. Murphy?
 Gentleman in the attic
 room. Johnny's beck.
 I have the key Mrs.
 Murphy and I can find
 my way. Room 1C on the
 top floor if my memory
 serves the top floor...

these stairs/cough/
 memory hit the old
 detective like a knife.
 'God...I remember..
 The other gentleman.'
 'Who else in life used
 address I give you?
 Your first arrest
 wasn't it? Well open
 the door.'
 'Is precisely an in-
 tricate web of necessari-
 ties formulae. Of course
 any 'creative' had to
 be guarded handcuffed
 to ME. Who were you
 when the plane was
 called in Havana?'
 'Your uh 'fabrication
 cup of tea' born in
 a novel? you can't quite
 remember? The name?
 Put down plain Mr.
 Jones or Mr. J. if you
 prefer. Occupation?
 Well say 'inferential
 tourist.' You can infer
 his presence by that
 or this factor not quite
 in the same relation
 as it was before when
 exactly? You can't
 quite remember. Haven't
 you forgotten some-
 thing or someone perhaps?
 'Yes-No' you reckon ill
 be couldn't wise up.
 who leave me out' (his
 club the torn sky behind
 him) 'the name? Put
 down plain Mr. J. Occu-
 pation? Well say 'tour-
 ist.' I've been called
 harder names and it
 won't hurt my feelings.
 Haven't you forgotten
 the deal that turned
 out a little better than
 you thought it was and
 you thought maybe you
 were a little smarter

than you thought you
 were if such a miscon-
 ception were possible
 and it always was for
 such a stupid organism.
 Or the deal that didn't
 turn out and you could
 never figure quite
 why and joked about
 'gremlins in the dark
 room' across the urine
 of present time? Angel
 boys and girls of the
 cosmos can you infer?
 yes? no? Between the
 camera and the object,
 between the word and
 the act, between the
 hand and your unfin-
 ished cigarette falls
 the remote cold infer-
 ential shadow. I am
 the morphine that dis-
 appears in your canning
 preparations' at Lex-
 ington. I am apo-
 morphine. (That stood
 between the junky and
 the pusher between
 the alcoholic and the
 cocktail lounge. What
 upset your film set of
 drunk again looked
 again?) I am the mark
 who wises up when
 I am the power that
 beats a film studio
 with a box camera a
 regiment of tanks
 with a defective glin-
 shot. Angel boys, wel-
 chers, with your
 'operations' that or
 this there or here,
 your insatiable appe-
 tite for what is not
 yours and expecta-
 tion of making it
 yours by lies and

impudence, your fraudulent claims are the ash of an unfinished cigarette blown from my sleeve. Cigarette smoke in the air marks a game ended. 'I warned you against the 'Gray Ghost,' you stupid Shitola bitch. Who let that 'Operation Hiroshima Panic' in here with alert determined eyes?' 'On Hiroshima screams I've come a long way.' (Dim jerky far away stars splash his cheek bones with silver ash) 'I am speaking from shifting layers of smoke Sunday May 3 O.D. Invent St. Cross XXX. Yes I will send you the photostats: '/Help come./Some Land. /Corner of Ladbroke and Goldbourne 7:30 P.M. Connection Bill Franklin Monument 15 New York tele from 'Abdulla 16': '/Battersea, Bay of Naples Warning/Alarm bells ringing all over London/Sunday calling Woolworth. Poppies popping like fireworks. The 'Red Witch' went sky high on Via Condott/ 'Doors of Death' calling 8 Crystal, Bay of Naples in the basement/ Charge of the Light Brigade Sunday April 20 O.D. St. Theodor Mayman lasing along/ Intersection Newsweek May 18, 1964 page 46/

'My Home' calling Stereø Sounds' hurry up please its time./ 'My Home' calling Rembrandt 9, Danny Boy the pipes the pipes are calling all around the Limbo Rock /Room over the florist shop cool remote Sunday lake like bits of silver paper in the wind hard across the golf course. To the sound of alarm bells English made easy. Today Monday May 9th we are going to study the verb fix. As I fixed the notice to the Board. Because ladies and gentlemen of the Board you called harder names than you. Last flag flaps when the Yankee dollar summons me with synthetic life synthetic time and snythetic mushrooms. Still another meaning of the verb fix is to set right or put in order. As I fixed that up all right we do our work and go. Still another meaning is to put somebody in his or her place as, I will fix her once and for all: The White Goddess pays her clean staff in 'Rightness' the 'White Junk.' And naturally the dirtier the work they are called to do the more 'Rightness'

they need to stay clean. A burning down habit when you start feeding children to the screaming from Carthage to Hiroshima how much 'White Junk' you need to cover that????????? Yes madame when the nova police start asking questions there is only one end to that. The buck stop here just so long and long enough..... Hassan J. Sabbah rubs out the word 'Right' forever. No glot. Clom Fliday. Now 'Rightness' is of course a derivative of 'wrongness' /Somebody else to be 'wrong expected. After all burning slaves be 'wrong'/. They need more and more slaves to be 'wrong' so they can wring 'White Junk' out of them; 'hospitals' full of 'mental cases' stacked up like cord wood..cells of sick addicts yield-the white no smell of death clean decent 'White Junk', millions of prisoners in the vast suburban concentration camps of American and Europe all feeding White Junk to the White Goddess. Mr. Bradly Mr Martin the whole American Narcotics Department Public Health are errand boys for the White Goddess paid off in White Junk on all levels. The uninitiated agent who maintains his crew-cut image at the expense

'I think it's rather fun don't you? Oh rather like the blitz you know master race screaming ugly little animals territorial mammalian dogs. Whats that? I'm a quite hard of hearing. Millions of white hot crabs you say? Zero eaten by crab. They'll quail before a good woman's gaze. Lady Sutton Smith stood there cool silver Sunday in her eyes. 'Something has gone wrong with your dog proof room. Better have a talk with Winkhorst in the technical department. I'll send a man with you who will see that you don't get lost. He is reliable and experienced. He has learned to live without hope 'unforgivable sin of despair. That's what we are here for.' 'Fight tuberculosis folks.' Old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark Street. The Priest they called him. 'Buy a crucifix? Shines in the dark Mister.' Now I think danger is fun. So Lady Sutton Smith from her Marshan villa 'My Home' suggests to all of you in these dard hours an entertainment-The adventures of Clean Harry. You see small timers stay cool and cold we just stay clean the trak motto always before us sniffing



suspiciously: When you are clean you are right. Spanish boy there in shorts every door guarded sweating fear like a vise the fear we all know here. Like a vise jumping at every sound from the street: 'Who's that at the door? Give him some money. Send him away. Are there any cigarettes? Will you please take a cup of tea to the workman on the roof? Sad voices dirtier older ~~empty ugly~~ ~~streets of my heart~~ ~~to these old people~~ ~~they parade a queen~~ ~~maybe looking the boys~~ ~~sun beach horrible die~~ like this no hope no hope at all. You sloppy assed



Continental Hotel Gibraltar

stupid earth dogs these are inserts from the last page should send you Little people scurrying back there like mice that dance Gysin says. So I got up and danced the junky jig seventy tons to the square inch. The rest is history. Several prominent quests were smothered in the floral donations among which was the ever popular and vivacious young hostess Bubu to her ever widening circle of friends 'The Iguana' we had lunch way last Thursday in May around 2:30 p.m. can you let me know before Tuesday last Thursday in May Fete Dieu what in Horton Hotel St. Benjamin way rue Vernet Comtesse Wurmgrad San Marine Zapiola Seward The Swan last day di Cobo Castro the hospitable and gay Gudewill Count Premio Aspe family Hell does that mean? Family soon after 4:00 p.m. motored back to the house. This included Iceza de Davila Dolores del Rion Riley Donna Babessa des Cocuera Martinez de Irujo and his wife telling me they loved me. ~~All agreed it was the biggest single funeral in recorded history of that area.~~ Now look when you sit down to write right where you are sitting now plot the course of your writing as you would plot the

course of your ship. May 25 Monday O.D.S. Urban take frequent bearing as you write where you are sitting now what can you see? Plot your intersections as you write your readers right where you are sitting now. (I went out to buy Time and cigarettes Clark St. station stood up there by some young punk. Walked into a bar down near the bridge and overheard. 'They called him Opium Jones.' Nothing in those streets agony to breathe in No. 2 intake no hope no hope at all. The six o'clock whistle just blew across the harbor cool and clear. Ragged Staff Road..1899.. no butter..rubbery toast.. in these dark days an 'entertainment'..1234 this is the fourth lesson. 'Held up four flickering silver fingers sweating last human pieces. Ketch about sweating last time here, baby?? But when I got a call from D.(for Dead) White the District Supervisor I felt like a smelly dirty little animal. Because nobody is as clean as our D.S. unless it is the Commissioner himself. 'Shit in your pants if you're sincere, kid' said Old Sarge patting me in. I call 'intersection reading.' Your middle aged reporter Mr. Cost Bland Lines #08614 Impersonal Accounts Reversal D/D payable on Rat Island.

'I have no ally. All go crazy here. Personally I have no hope no hope at all. From the Ministry of Fear you will find every door guarded. You understand the fact I was wearing light suit and there was cold mist outside and the fog horn blowing at steady intervals concerned me. Might one expect frost conditions on the Rock? That's what people come here for isn't it? Did I dare at my age to buy a Rock Ape Sweater? I wondered peevishly if I might not find every hotel on the Rock staffed with dim distant rock apes. 'Single room sir? We have no rooms at all' jerky far away young face there on an old blue calendar.

'The name's Pile' he said. 'I'm Uranian new here' he gazed dreamily at the Milk Bar across the street. 'Was that a grenade?' He said twelve year old boy both legs blown off spattered with maroshino cherries and whipped cream screaming from Carthage to Hiroshima. The Ugly American looked at his fellow passengers with cold disfavor. Any one of these creatures might occupy his room in any hotel. That morning Pile arrived by the Continental (no that was not a grenade. That was a fog horn. Cold mist in the milk bar. Lady Sutton Smith cool as old pewter said 'out here we have to make our own fun here' blighted finger tapped unfinished cigarette. 'Right where you are



'Young used face thrown like a dart'. You understand I was carrying the quiet American, and noting intersection passages (fog horns outside). That morning Pile arrived in Rock Ape Square by the Continental

sitting now. Take your diary let May 24 Trinity Sunday talk back to St. Honore Thursday. My old magic lantern Saigon Tangier last time dead folks leak lessons pim pam Sunday 3 just like that Sunday May 22, 1964 took seat May 23, 1953

Lima after I got my year back from Dead White sat there clean Kilamajaro....'under-cover job...infiltrate the nova mob..Ugly American cover..You know what that means..'
 'You mean I have to be born dirty?????' 'To be born at all is to be born dirty, Deli to mayor as the Sky pilots say..Ugly Southern ape.. I need hardly remind you it is your dusty duty or you wouldn't be here..Must look after the native you know..At the indicated age you will seek and find employment as a narcotics agent this should bring you in a position to make a .. buy..We want the White Goddess dead white with marked money..A White Junk Hiroshima buy, Clean Harry.'
 Last time dead folks talk Monday May 9th May anything Contessa Charles VIII 1955 from Trinity Sunday May 24, 1953 Lima lets send a message to next Sunday (cigarette ashes on the page) Fete des Meres 1957 'At 3:00 A.M. the 'Red Witch' went sky high and here is a message from April 15 to your middle aged reporter Mr. Cost. 'Old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark St. our dead line is

April 15. Klinker is dead. (smear of pain across the sky. From Sunday Invent St. Cross a picture postcard to Tuesday March 30, St. Benjamin 3:37 P.M. a picture postcard Tarik Milk Bar pim pam now, homey. Was that a grenade? Nice sweet D. (for Dead) White a message from T. (for Terence) Heming Gibraltar Security Policeman::: 'empty room just like that new look in Paris nothing here now dust and smoke the man who never was crashed at Clark Air Base Manila.



JOLLY ROGER

friend. The Frisco Kid he never reached the promised land March 10 40 Martyrs. Leave space in your diary for messages in and out 1899 Ragged Staff Road.

May 25, 1964

Now it turns out the time I just bought with

my last marbles is dated April 22 and so of course cancelled I revert to my Newsweek for May 25 which has the advantage of being today. Now it just so happens that Ian took photos of some pages from that issue with the light shining through to show decent folk what is on the other side coming events you know well now this is page 31 News-makers yet it seems 'The Voice' was nearly drowned off Hawaii off guard is a picture of McNamara 'with his clicked down hair, mussed for a change' what they trying to do drown somebody??? Used to be in illegitimate business myself but that was long ago. So trace the format and leave a place for your picture. Anybody you want to drown? Put a picture just here and you may get your wish but remember 'The Monkey's Paw.' and throw me a line. Rules of the Duel by Graham Masterton 26 Buckwood Drive is an experiment in writing right where you are sitting now A yellow Mills Bros. ash tray on the table about the color of the map of Tangier on my table connection Bill Franklin (for typewriter) (Underwood) (Secondhand) The Adventures of Clean Harry..

May 22, 1964. I had my assignment. (fade out to distant birth place) At the indicated age I became a narcotics agent and learned the 'white junk score'.. That is on the one body I acted as an agent making routine street pusher and addict arrests on the other body (we call them subs) I was an addict. Now every agent after a certain degree of initiation is reached acquires his 'subs.' 'Subs' are essential to any undercover assignment. Before I explain what a sub is and what functions he performs for an agent and something of the difficult and complex relationship between agent and sub, let me make clear what a 'sub' does not do and is not. A 'sub' is not a replica of the agent. He is precisely selected for qualities that..... May 25, 1964 tele Monument 15, New York calling 'Abdulla 15' corner of Ladbroke and Goldbourne Road 7:30 P.M. watery sunlight over the last skyscrapers a silent kite piece of a toy revolver there in the neetles of the alley. Like I say a map of Tangier on the table it is helpful to chart your movements on a map so that writers who follow will find landmarks. Outside I can hear an old Spanish

actor selling lottery tickets para hoy I live in the top floor of the lottery building. Corner of San Lucar and Delacroix. (presently I will step across to the Swan Pub for pint). There is a file labeled 'The Captain's Log Book. I read. 'In life used adress I give you right where you are sitting now open diary on the table with this notation. 'Empty room justlikethat nothing here now. '19'a Last Diary of the Teens. The Captain's Log Book: 'torn from the sea..the world is not My Home you understand...Junk time passes dimly outside... Intersect Heinz 57 baked beans tomato sauce stains his Players.. from Rules of the Duel by Graham Masterton from the.....



From here on every day written to be dated and charted. This is May 26, Tuesday St, Philip de Neri. It is now 1:35 P.M. On the map of Tangier are two newspapers I bought this morning on my way (Turn left on San Lucar, right on Murillo, left on Blvd. Pasteur to the Cafe de Paris Place de France for morning cake and coffee. Espana: More than 300 muertos in Lima...soccer riot.. indescribable panic in the stadium..Lobaton author of the most tragic goal in history. (Auditor asks if you got my last hints from second GPM. Riot noises cool and clean. Deep into third goal which is right where you are sitting now..... the agent does not possess. Subs may never be used as informers. The latter are selected from a pool of used subs worthless for other purposes. It is a point of honor for an agent to protect his sub so far as possible from arrest by other agents. Sometimes arrest occurs through negligence on the agents part. 'Human errors' you know like he get pig drunk in Hickham Alaska J. Henrique from the Argentine only survivor crashed in Lima. Came to a sticky end. Smothered under Soccer Fanaticos who then, further inflamed

by our ancient poisons,
destroyed everything
in their path. Inland
Rubber went up in smoke.
In cases where the agent
considers himself at
fault not infrequently
I stripped to the waist
and pitched in with the
men. Yes boy that's
me there by the cement
mixer. Many agents of
my acquaintance have done
'sub time.' (Silence
across the egg nogg bar.
Time was respected. Yet
ungrateful subs who
learn the agents identity
may reproach the agent
bitterly with the ostentation of ignorance not
knowing the conditions
under undercover agents
work. What were we doing
while you did the front
line fighting? I will
tell you what we were
doing all under good
control revolution
standing up under fire.
And now if you will
excuse me..the soccer
scores are coming in
from the Capitol..Mu..
One must pretend an
interest.') And just here
is the Daily Telegraph
Mods & Rockers See 4
Drown..(Oh dear me)..
Plutonium lost in
space due to switch
error..By David Shears..
scattered in space through
a 'human error.' (Pay particular attention to our
'human errors'. We
make them for you. Such
death in space. Help

come. Some land. 'The
Grays' came in on a
London Particular.
Stein lifted his hand.
'And since you not
always remember ash
blown from my sleeve
was war and death sad
train whistles in a
distant sky steps trailing
a lonely diningroom
horrible die like this on
these foreign suburbs
here X 'My Home'
Villa Marshan. Agony to
breathe here. Sometimes
I malingering up my aching
back and curl up in bed
with Craham Greene after
wrapping my jolly old
guts around five
codeisans and a cup of
real English tea made
here. Junk is soooooo
comfortable I think our
Mr. Anslinger is soooooo
right to keep it wway
from the middle classes.
They would take to it
like shit to a cesspool
feller say 'Old Arch to
the rescue and so to
christen my second hand
Underwood Franklin
Monument 15 New York
the Good Ship Lady Sutton
Smith. Now just at this
point like it happened
before I will get there
in a minute is a strange
ring on my door one long
ring you understand two
cops at the door..Looking
for Ian..Something to
do with a jinxed camera
I gathered. Now it was
a Monday May 9th if my
memory serves 2:37 in

the afternoon. I was
writing letters when
there is a knock on
my door a bad news
knock if every I heard
one soft and urgent.
Well I open the door
and there is Diana I
mean Stewart's wife.
Stewart is bedfast.
Shortly after changing
\$\$ in the Cafe De La
Paz he had been siezed
by a gripping in the
guts reached Dean's Bar.



Tuesday May 26, 1964,
Flashback to Monday
May 9.....
fighting for every breath
of poisoned air fear
like a vise setting off
tin can flash flares in
a sweating hurry. Listen
you know what it means to
infiltrate the nova mob
those razor sharp minds
squeezing the air we
have to control not only
our words and actions
at all times but our
thoughts and feelings
as well. Is it any wonder
that now and then your
agent soothes his
shattered nerves with a
white junk kick in some
junkies whining sniveling
mooching face as 'old

time yegg men' are said to do? For some of us it's the torture of The Long Italian Dinner Party. Remember outside Venice gas flares over oily lagoons the town is built on a shelf of gray shale arduous an inlet of the lagoon. A pier of rotting wood extends out into the shallow green water over bottomless ooze infested by a species of poisonous worm beyond the inlet the green water extends out into a vast delta. Owing to the shallow water unaviable for a craft drawing more than a few inches with huge sails to catch the faint winds stirring in this area to terminal calm. In plain English vampires crude and rampant you arrived at the Villa in somewhere they said 'We saw you walking' refused by several cab drivers. (It is time something were done about cabbies refusing fares to sick and injured citizens). Reached 'My Home' at 4 Calle Larachi, Marstan where he collapsed with severe burning pain in chest and arms. "huuummm food poisoning perhaps" I muttered vaguely picking up my hat.. 'child in Chicago.. recording cold on their skin..eyes of sullen youth my home..screeching beagles for the press rainbow of old newspapers..

Fresh southerly winds on the City Desk..Best thing is I call rewrite and raise Doc Johnson. It was a ghostly 1920 Spanish house in any foreign suburb. On closer inspection the houses are seen to be made of photos compacted into blocks a sepia haze pervades the rooms streets and terraces of this dead rubbish heap of past time. Post card smoke of hard wood forests shirt flapping sad servant of the inland side offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt the lake like bits of silver paper fresh winds across the golf course cool remote Sunday. The doctor kept us waiting just so long and long enough. Tuesday May 26, 1964 Traced on Newsweek May 25..... Dear Brion: Today Lady Sutton-Smith presents an entertainment laughing in the dark I call it 'navigational writing.' Plot the course of each days writing as you would plot the course of a ship your ship right where you are sitting now take frequent bearing from landmarks. (soot gray mist across the harbor the Mons Calpe there, Day the soccer 'fanaticos' got loose in Lima stadium fold sweet ecetera

to bed. So trace a format from time or newsweek that gives you a landfall maybe good or bad. This is Newsweek May 25, 1964 page 57 Day of the Soccer Fanaticos 2:10. So you have your days all dated..

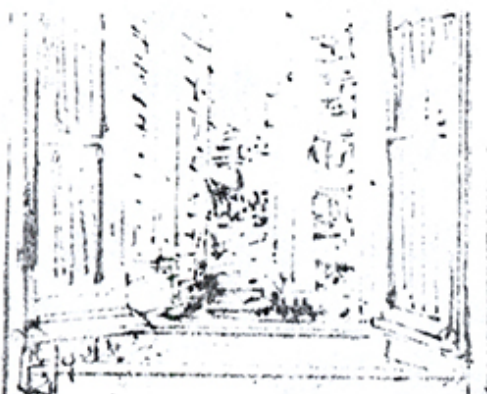


Soccer Scores Coming

one elses car 7. 30 PM. fighting for every breath of poisoned air sweating fear like a vise you get the Continental Treatment bottled in the old chateau. First you must look at the bee hives. (Remember they are taking every ugly face you make recording your lame ugly American French). You get pigeon coves, rabbit hutch- servant quarters- asparagras bed- formal garden- fish pool lot. 'They let you feed the fish. The Count de Vile would be mortally offended if you did not.' And now this old turnkey will see you over the house family portrait its musty unused room agony to breathe you listen

August 3, 1956: Venice exudes a suffocating fog of rancid evil as though town and inhabitants were slowly sinking in noxious wastes. I found these people deep in the vilest superstitions and ~~practices~~

politely and try to keep the naked need for a stiff brandy out of your face sweating last human pieces. Back to the saloon at last. Still brocaded armchair. Negroni of course. Don't drink too many, those Italians are watching you. Dinner will be late since the help must have their dinner first old custom of the house dates back to the Crusades. Interesting story connected with it. Dinner and 11/30 P.M. last about as long as an auto de feu, with ice around the heart they can drag it out for three excruciating hours. I was about ready to yell 'Taxi.' But I hang on. I was there to and numbered. And charted with time marks then you shift the pages around just for jolly wouldn't you? Would you do the drawings to accompany the text and we hope supplant it? Proposed title Right Where You Are Sitting Now. So I'll just let you find this letter in a bottle. The Doctor emerges from cool high ceilinged shuttered rooms. We have disturbed his siesta. This without a trace of hurry of illhumor must be made clear at once. 'Ah I see you young people are new here and haven't uh cottoned



onto the Mediterranean and indeed Moroccan custom observed right here in the Marshan. 'Huh?' said Lee with the blankest stupidity imaginable. The Doctor taped his watch. 'Three O'clock in the afternoon. Hour of the siesta.' 'We're sorry to bother you, Doctor,' I said belatedly looking around at the rubber plants I sus he has a cobra lamp somewhere about the place. I explained the situation concisely. The doctor said he would go for his car but quite suddenly you understand half out and half in of the door like an old movie stopped there and said: 'Any idea what this is all about?' 'Food poisoning perhaps?' I raised a pensive eyebrow the doctor still suspended half in and half out the door performing some invisible feat of balance. 'I'll get something just in case'

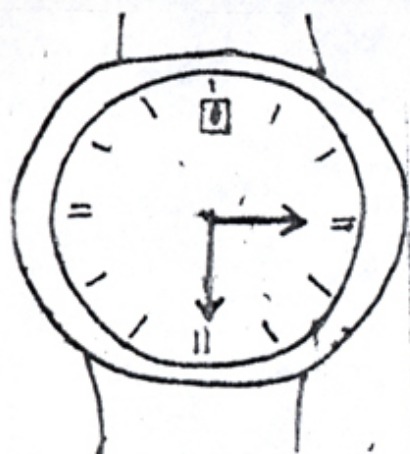
(As luck would have it what he went back and got was apomorphine but Lee had no way of knowing this at the time).....



Make a buy. You learn to wait in this business' (From an agent's notebook, August 3, 1956 Venice) I have waited a long time to repay your hospitality, Contessa. No we have not come to feed your fish. Yes we had quite a file on the 'Contessa.' Her web of intrigue and murder covered the Mafia reached into the Communist Party the world press and the Zionists with a direct line to any police headquarters. The 'Contessa' was what you might call a passionate informer. She was passionate in other ways too. We knew that she kept a stable of young lovers penned up like the swine of Circe. From a screening of her subs we built up and identikit picture. The 'Contessa' was what the

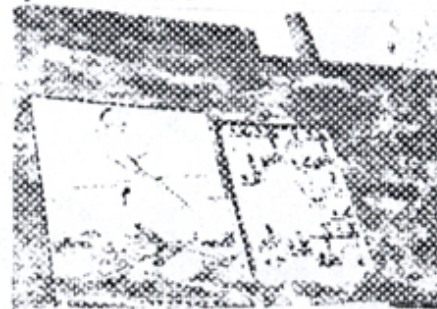
Yesterday May 29 Memorial Day. Soccer scores still coming in today May 30
St. Ferdinand Omo tomorrow Sunday Fete des Meres 1957 at 3:00 A.M. the Red
Witch went sky high. Saigon links

French call a 'belle
laide.' Patron and
connoisseur of the arts,
she could loose a flood
of abuse on any writer
who incurred her dis-
pleasure. She could
block a painter from
galleries of Europe and
America. Artists paid
their dues to the 'Con-
tessa' or else. Her
weapons of reprisal
were slander hysteria and
poison. No character
on record in our files
has ever been so profi-
cient in the Ancient
Italian art of poisoning
mind and body. Her sex
drugs could reduce the
victim to a paralyzed
idiot. 'I suggest you
put your car on the
main street, doctor.
Children you know.'
'Yes we have that problem.
I wouldn't take the car
except the sun is a bit
much for me at three
o'clock in the after-
noon. You understand my
position..friend of the
family..just a few doors
up.' 'Three o'clock in the
afternoon you know.'



'You know doctor I
owe you for an office
call..it was a long
time ago..been on my
mind..I nearly sent
you the money once but
used it instead for an
unworthy purpose.' As
luck would have it I
had just returned from
the Rock and was able
to pay him a pound
Sterling note. The
doctor threw a quiet
country lane ahead of
him the death dwarf
children standing there
demure in cool English
sunlight. We were
standing in front of
'My Home' at 4 Calle
Larachi, Marshan. 'And
what do you write?'
Now English people tend
to go all dim and vague
or fade out to a dis-
tant 'quite?' When I
mention the Naked Lunch.
I said: 'Dead Finger
Talk is my last book
published in England.'
'Is that a whodunit?'
'Well yes you might say
whodunit?' Severe pain
in chest and arms 'burn-
ing exploding syndrome.'
The doctor suggests
they might have put
something in his coffee.
'Follow a man about for
weeks just waiting for
a chance like that.
Of course I could give
him something to make
him throw up.....'
'Do you have apo-
morphine, doctor?'

'Yes but I hesitate to
administer it. Quite a
responsibility you
know?' 'Quite..however..
under the uh circum-
stances..certain poisons
you know...'



Dead Fingers Talk
...hulk or drive him to
commit suicide in some
obscene way or other.
(There is only one visit
or a special kind.....
I refer you Doktor Hans
Kurt Elkson von Jaegerborg's
information treatise 'The
Love Death and Certain
Druid and Ancient Norse
Fertility Rites selec-
tions from which have
been translated from
the Danish and appeared
in The Illustrated
London News May 31 Sunday
Fete des Meres, 1899.
K.E. argues that the
Tollund Man surprised in
a peat bog at Charlottenlund Denmark was
sacrificed to a female
divinity some two thousand
years ago in the natural
course of a fertility
rite.' The body is
that of a man about
forty years old quite
naked the leather halter

Feb. 5, 1899... 'some room..such pain..sad role, man...in life used adress I give you..my brother they no longer want..he went crazy a long time ago..remember hardly any leave this burning....

with which he had been hanged still around his neck, the whole thing in a state of flagrant preservation). Her oven poison can cut a man to writhing insect fragments. To cite historical precedents what might be called preliminary experiments in 16th century England a mysterious illness (almost certainly of virus origin) broke out called 'The Sweats.' In the Unfortunate Traveler by Jack Wilton after Thomas Nash we find a photographic description of this sick.... The doctor looked at me over his glasses. 'Well young man since you think it is such a good idea I will go along with it'..The doctor administered one grain of apomorphine (I noticed that he had the new English ampules) and quarter grain of M.S. apomorphine cut the burning feed-back. Morphine is still GOM. Stewart was sleeping when I left the house at 3:35 P.M. I made a

preliminary investigation. That morning Monday May 9th at approximately 11:00 A.M. Stewart had submitted his short film Fat Sun to one Madame B. of the censorship board at No. 1-3 calle Rubens a building that also houses the Greek Consulate, the Hotel Havare, the editorial offices of the Tangier Gazette and the Spanish Post Office. The board 'blew the film up' from 16 to 35 frames smudge two speeds dog proof room essential to our oxygen lines. (Could it be that I stood in the presence of an unknown instrument of death beyond the reach of any known law. I was well aware that power like that in such hands too could be deadlier than cocaine. The Board would infer the weight of my mighty half Nelson: At approximately 3 A.M. May 20, 1957 St. Bernard dog fight broke out between British paratroopers and native workers from a nearby film studio at the Carrousel described as a 'Syriot bar' on Rube St., Lima rioting spread to the street and the film studio of the Albanian Censorship board was virtually wrecked by the enraged teenage mamals. Madame Gabor, an

official of the board stated that: irreplaceable equipment used to blow up films from 16 frames to 35 M and smudge two speeds all very technical had been completely destroyed. 'You can't put a price on things like that' she broke out passionately. 'Why we were just getting ready to 'blow up' a film submitted to us by a young American to make quite certain it measured up to our rigid Albanian standards of decency when that was invariably fatal once the terrible symptoms declared themselves (for indeed they had nothing else to declare): the fictims give off an intense scorching heat and such a reeke of phosphorous that a normal decent body can hardly remain in the same room with one. The end result is dry and brittle as fried leather as many as a 1,000 of these desicated cadavers have been transported stacked in a single death wagon like layers of burlap. Brutal D&W driver operating in the poorer district of London used a monster wooden pestal and tamped the cadavers to a fine yellow powder. For the lack of a resevoir the Sweats burned herself out. I refer you now to the

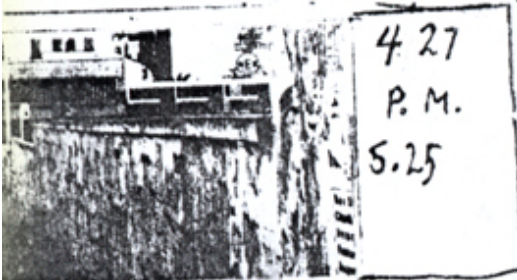


Traced on a map of Tangier May 31 Sunday Pete des Meres my names frost said there was a cold mist outside storm wind..wet in Glasgow decent inexpensive middle class threats without a tongue without a throat..aerial photograph of a stadium..

statement of Jack Wilton.
'Set up for a half crown
vench the whole thing.
My brother buy experience
of me cheap. See that
boy stained with hideous
double knot under my ear
on a dying star? I
came disguised to him
on white steps of the
sea wall my attyre
according to the human
face. You see now what
trumpets proclaim him
master of 'Paco' 'Joselito'
'Henrique' in their young
throats of carrion on
my bare honestie we all
here and being dead do
stink in repetition.
Who am I? The boy to
use four or five sun
a rain of umbrellas
('I didn't realize how
bad it was until dust
fell and the rain
started falling in Lima)
Bowler hats, wooden tops,
bus signs, cobblestones
furniture and other
unidentified objects
crashed through the
screen.' Mr. Stewart
Gordon a young American
resident in the Marshan
became suddenly and
mysteriously ill while
walking on Mexico
street last Monday.

May 9th at 5:25 P.M.
O.D. St. Gysin. (Please
answer at once if you
can leave for Paris and
Germany by next Monday
May 9th the man should
be back on that Tues-
day. I am writing him
to phone me at the
latest Stewart's film
will be shown Monday
J ne 1st St. Pam Pam
Pamphile. Chinese
characters had arrived
to shift commissions
where the avning
already flaps Omo to
casspool feller say
naked one spot horror
right where you are
sitting now. Smell
of ashes in the stone
streets last avning
flaps on the pier.
Nothing here now. A
child sad as my country
will go pulling all the
sky. And now Danny
Pretalk your knowing
newscaster brings you
the other half of the
news..soccer scores are
coming in from the capitol
..one must pretend an
interest..a material
witness said later. 'I
didn't know how bad it
was until rain started
to fall and you know
what that means in
Lima': Victor 'La
Bomba' Red Matty is
here to protest a
decision of the referee
Sad Poison Nice Guy.
Several hundred Fabian
Socialists who had

gathered at a nearby
garden party to witness
the launching of a hot
air balloon were torn
in pieces by maddened
Alsations. Sailing
away to a private world
Pedro Antonio Mohamed
Ali Maris 'Fix Fire'
has set up an indepen-
dent republic in this
region that does not
appear on any maps took
lots of quinine and
stayed in bed. '29'
Sunday vacant..cold
distant umbrella a
faceless burocrat to
the federal building
in New Orleans. 'I'm glad
you are here, Mr. Wilson'
said the A.D. Kid.
'Stand in sundry nation
in broken twisted face..?
Heat stagnant smell..
hideous scorching double.
Yes he tood same room
with another gentleman.
It was a long time ago.
Well open the door.'
The notation ends with
this sentence. 'The
same tourists request
this burn knock at
the door. Ginger is
there to say 'buenas
tardes' from the broken
maps of Tangier Photo
Optique Ravassard boxer
without arms driven
slowly past a water
fall. 'The same tourists
request this burning
metal sickness.' Fadeout
to a dim shabby hotel
near Earl's Court.

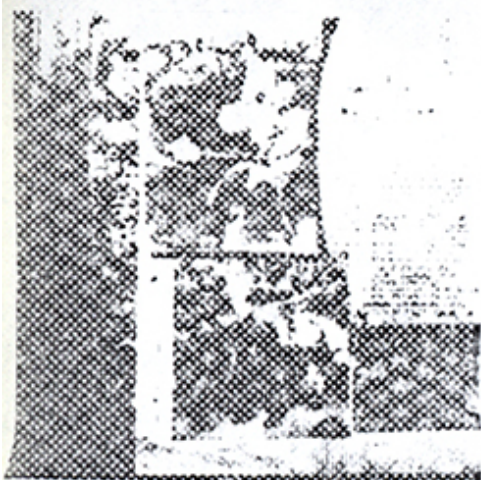




For Mister who?????
Saturday night and
Sunday morning brings
death April 27, 1964.
I was on the ROOF so I
had to do 'Two of a Kind'
there in neetles of the
alley flickering tele
from 'Abdualla 13'..
decaying on the city desk.
Goodbye to Charlot
Chaplin's house Broken
glass May 12, 1953 Lima
years out of step my
toy soldiers put away
in the attic Express
Monday May 8th. Remember
Rin Tin Tin? Every-
body does it here. Dog
dying in the street
broken glass....

William Burroughs in
a leaky lifeboat.
Time November 30, 1962.
Address: Well remember
the sidewalk tables
at 9 Rue Git-Le-Coeur?
Reclassified section
of Paris in that room
where the picture was
toke yes boys that's
me there Patrick
opposit. 'Something
on your mind, P.B.?'
'Well yes you might
say so. Though some
of my words might have
stroyed up here. 'This
is free range country
feller say.' 'Maybe
a little too free,
Martin.' 'Don't know
as I rightly under-
stand you P.B.' (Cold
distant point). 'Well
you might put it this
way Martin. Words have
brands just like cattle.
You got no call to be
changing those brands,
Martin. When you use
my words they carry
my brand.' 'Sorry, P.B.
but I been running
brands for years..
And now if you will
excuse me the soccer
scores are coming in
from the Capitol..
One must pretend an
interest in the stadium.
Red Matty La Bomba has
protested a decision of
referee Sad Poison Nice
Guy described as 'a
harmless Uranian metal
worker.' Lobaton Larry
also known as 'Larry
the Lorry' author of
the most tragic goal in
history..Auditor aske

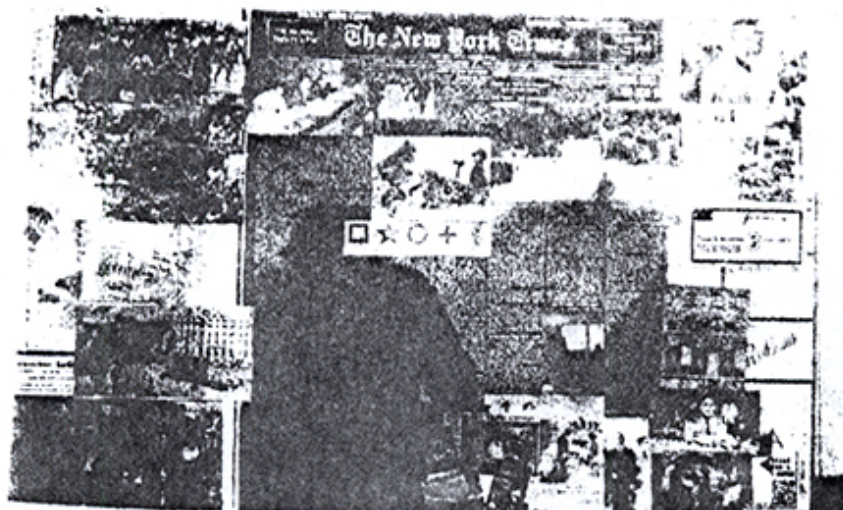
if you got my last hints
from second GPM Riot
noises cool and clean
Chinese character reading
reliable gun shots. Deep
into the third goal
which is right where
you are sitting now.
All under good control.
Revolution standing up
under fire street
crouds rising from the
typewriter..machine
guns..riot noises in
the distance. Mr. Martin
smiles..All right you
can take over my job
now..Come along young
man..show you around
the dark room..show
you thirteen years of
gimmicks to learn..
second reversed over
and over..mirror image
breaks out third goal
and so on..Now back in
the furnished room file..
rose wallpaper..Mrs.
Murphy's rooming house
remember you wrote:
'Fight tuberculosis
folks' An old junky
selling Christmas seals
on North Clark Street.
The 'Priest' they called
him..and just here is
a picture from Newsweek,
May 15, 1964..plane
wreck on white hot thorns--



Shabby Hotel near
Earl's Court

riot Noises cool and clean

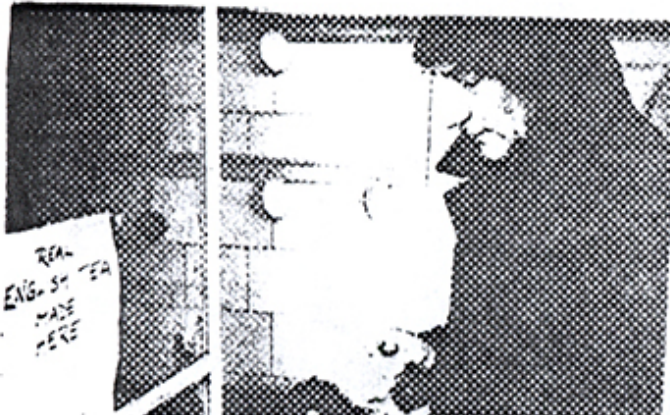
I never could account for it all! See on back each time place what I mean dim jerky far away 'across the wounded galazies to Patrick Bowles a distant hand lifted the phrase from his sonnets.' With inflexible authority the Swiss agent reveals his terminal identity Taushnitz edition left in a hotel drawer.. Toulon..1932..It was a long time ago young man 'Fresh Southerly Winds' remember The New York Times Sunday September 17, 1899?? Cool remote Sunday in these foreign suburbs here. These foreign shit birds here. Can you hear out there all you jokers in the Shakespeare Squadron??? You see I prefer not to use my own words. I don't like my own words because my own words are prerecorded 'on my bare honesty and being dead doe stick and stinke in repetition' from The Unfortunate Travell or the cabin reeks of exploded star. Repetition exploded star here (blighted finger tapped unfinished cigarette). This is the Third lesson. (held up three flickering silver fingers sweating last pieces here my words are prerecorded for me as yours are pre-recorded for you who is the third who walks



Fresh southerly winds a long time ago *****

beside you not pre-recording any of us any good???) On my bare honesty the prerecorded continuity is chummy clubby mateye thing decent inexpensive middle class threat so send along an ear just for jolly wouldn't you.. (Jack the Ripper in Cologne at this moment? February 17, Monday, 1964 in present time?). The 'Priest' there hand lifted last rites for 44 airliner dead including pilot Clark (left on Clark St.) -and their murderer. He dropped the photo into a bureau drawer. Here's another. Just here doctor, remember Rin Tin Tin???? Monday May 9th 1964..Express.. I looked at the dogs and I looked at the pavement decided the pavement was safer. Minutes to go my toy soldiers put away in the attic years out of step..Picture there in the Express.. 'I was on the roof so I had to do 'Two of a Kind'. There's no

choice if they start jeb for instance and Sunday Morning with Mandrake they will try telepathy by air for instance here is the route they will fly in Springing the artic space systems round the globe. Signals are sent to one from one to maintain its position as another dedicated to intimate communications. Just lifted that from ITT ad in Newsweek. Anonymous Madison Avenue agents:;'/ It was agony to breathe in number two intake..poisoned air.. cough..It wasn't easy get to be radio be television on thing police..cough..we are not allowed to proffer the disaster accounts..cough cross the wounded galaxies we intersect..bits and pieces of P. Bowles..so many others so many I can't remember Mr. Bradley, Mr. Martin, disaster to my blood whom I created. I owe that blood to P. Bowles.. That's me there where the awning flaps End of the Line from Paul Bowles



In a policeman's bed sitter

sheltering sky. 'Mister Cost' our man in The Ministry of Fear, Captain Greene Squadron: 'Personally I have no hope no hope at all. Rockets exploded between us. I don't get out. A distant hand lifted in streets of war and death. The Priest they called him. Last rites for Captain Clark left flash of white the cabain reeks of exploded star. It was a long time ago young man can still see used to be your brother young cop applied for that station a long time ago from The Third Man who else walks beside you?.. 'I doubt if any of you on this copy planet have ever seen a policeman and I am sure none of you have ever seen a nova criminal.' They take now considerable pain to mask their operations enjoy it later these tourists of operation pain foreign shit birds here.. young cop whistling 'Annie Laurie' down cobble stone streets young unused face quiet American eyes

Mr. Greene. He dropped the photo into a bureau drawer. 'You are reading the future on channel #5 to #6 to record in writing our worn out film..if my memory serves..on the top floor..' dim jerky far away some one had shut a bureau drawer.. smell of ashes rising from the typewriter.. black silver sky of broken film..he waves his hands sadly turns them out..steps down a windy street exploded star between us..sad muttering street boy voice on white steps of the sea wall. 'You come with me Mister?' 'J's words once..yes all the words were mine once..come closer.. listen..smell blood and excrement..whispered on a fence..' 'Goodbye, Mister..Couldn't reach..' Stein lifted his hand from Lord Jim..'As to what life may be worth his adios in broken faith..as to what life may be worth when the honor is gone of this I can offer no opinion for I know nothing of it' Stein unwillingly

reverts to his magazine.. The Committee has already bred a race of sheep..serve 'peace with one another'..Screaming children serve 'peace with one another'?? The Committee serves 'two of a kind'.. Policeman jumped out on them..nobody knew whence he came..The policeman a long time ago applied for that station..dust and smoke the man who never was.. ticker rumors might help the editor to comprehend.. my host had been in church as well a long time ago..let me tell you about a score of years dust on the window aged with moon travel from remote landing that afternoon I watched the 'Yes Mr. Waugh it is difficult to refrain from uh coercive measures.. the suspect there.. lying as they all do here..clock ticking away to nova..minutes to go.. hysteria utter babble.. third run even ambush.. last spring if my memory serves 'Uh inspector Lee, uh reluctant as I am to uh

interfere with an uh colleague in the uh performance of his duty I must in you uh interest suggest that your uh seeming ignorance of certain basic principles of police work lead you into uh actions that uh actions that can only be described as at once precipitate and ill advised? For instance the interrogation of the uh so called 'Contessa' who is not in your uh custody could well lead to your falling into hers with the most uh deplorable consequences? In short what is being uh being proffered here is not an uh statement but rather a carefully torn sky ben with the wind white white white as far as the eye can see ahead a blinding flash of white exploded star shaking the typewriter..toy soldiers on a windy street half buried in sand..broken glass..piece of a toy revolver..young cop whistling 'Annie Laurie' down cobble stone street would he have 3d. in time? You know what they mean of they start job for instance? By air in the Sunday Telegraph, St. Benjamin Day Tuesday March 30 was the regular day for signing years. And here is the route they will fly in the Sunday Telegraph from London to Glasgow 'a petite blue eyed blonde streaked across the sky and clashed with Galsgow police' from Brion Bysin's cutups

minutes to go. Would he have 3d. in time? Yes word and image is three dimensional. Hold Time Newsweek up to the light. Look through the page. Cut the pages off in layers. See what is under this picture: Jewel Tea Co. your cooperation in accepting this certificate during the coin shortage is appreciate five cents to Bearer expires April 24, 1965 May 18 Time page 38...The attraction here is tea. It would be forced on the Catholic Protestant and Jewish communities. The national network would summon policemen from Brion Gysins cutups. Minutes to go. September 1959. Turn the coupon over. There is your Negro policeman standing by a subway Hold Time. The eye can see ah Newsweek up ahead. Look through exploded page. Dead star shaking off in layers. See typewriter? Remember Macnamara in the swimming pool at Saigon Newsweek May 25, 1964 page 31. In left hand corner of that page Frankie the Voice nearly drowned. Look through the page and there is Henry on the other side so sure enough on page 19 Time May 22 here is Henry Lodge in Saigon swimming pool.. Sure cut out the picture and I read 'Sure enough famer showed the open road' Yes boys that's me there with my 1920 straw hat in Saigon...prepared

uh ambush involving uh coercive measures applied by quite an uh different uh kind of police. I would suggest inspector that you uh shelve the interrogation of the so called Contessa and her uh seemingly inexhaustable equivalents until the while uh investigation reaches a more uh mature stage. Not four in a row. You don't understand preliminary question. Always remember that when you seem to have the uh case in the bag it is well to ask yourself exactly whose uh bag it is in fact in?? Just in time I saw the police of Mrs. D. waiting there my name was fried fragments. Are now trying the actual mavirus in photo for fire. Remember St. Benjamin Day Tuesday May 30, 1964. "And so Contessa more horse shit" he said thoughtfully looking at a white horse on the match box under which was the single word Sam. He lit his cigarette and blew out the smoke. 'You bitch get your fucking Sammy out of here.' 'If Mr. uh Snide offends you with his vulgarity in your own house yet I can provide uh followers who will be perhaps less talkative and more uh purposeful. We have not come justa looka your art objects. Open this door.



Open this door